THE VVONDER of VVomen

Or

The Tragedie of Sophoniſba,
as it hath beene ſundry times Acted
at the *Blacke Friers.*

Written by IOHN MARSTON.

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Sidney

To the generall Reader.

KNow, that I haue not labored in this poeme, to tie my ſelfe to relate any thing as an hiſtorian but to inlarge euery thing as a Poet, To tranſcribe Authors, quote authorities, & tranſlate Latin proſe orations into Engliſh black-verſe, hath in this ſubiect beene the leaſt aime of my ſtudies. Then (equall Reader) peruſe me with no prepared diſlike, and if ought ſhall diſpleaſe thee thanke thy ſelfe, if ought ſhall pleaſe thee thanke not me, for I confeſſe in this it was not my onely end.

Io. Marſton.

Argumentum.

A gratefull harts iuſt haight: Ingratitude.
And vowes baſe breach with worthy ſhame
A womans conſtant loue as firm as fate (perſu'd
A blameleſſe Counſellor well borne for ſtate
The folly to inforce free loue, Theſe know
This ſubject with full light doth amply ſhow.

Interlocutores.

Maſſiniſſa. Syphax.	*Kings in Lybia rivals for Sophoniſba.*	Scipio. Lælius.	*Generals of Rome.*
Aſdruball.	*Father to Sophoniſba.*	Vangue.	*An Ethiopian ſlaue.*
Geloſſo.	*A Senator of Carthage.*	Carthalon.	*A Senator of Carthage.*
Bytheas.	*A Senator of Carthage.*	Giſco.	*A Surgean of Carthage.*
Hanno Magnus.	*Captaine for Carthage.*	Nuntius.	
Iugurth.	*Maſſiniſſas Nephew.*	Sophoniſba.	*Daughter to Aſdruball of Carthage.*
		Zanthia.	*Hermaide.*
		Erictho.	*An Inchantres.*
		Arcathia. Nycea.	*Waiting women to Sophoniſba.*

Prologus.

Prologus.

Comets ſound a march.

Enter at one dore the *Prologue*: too Pages with torches: *Aſdrubal* and *Iugurth* too Pages with lights: *Maſſiniſſa* leading *Sophoniſba*: *Zanthia* bearing *Sophoniſbas* traine *Arcathia* and *Nicea*: *Hano* and *Bytheas* At the other dore too Pages with targets and Iauelines, too Pages with lights, *Syphax* armd from top to toe, *Vangue* followes.

Theſe thus entred, ſtand ſtill, whilſt the *Prologue* reſting betweene both troups ſpeakes.

THe Sceane is *Lybia*, and the ſubiect thus.
Whilſt *Carthage* ſtoode the onely awe of *Rome*,
As moſt imperiall ſeate of *Lybia*,
Gouernd by Statſmen each as great as Kings
(For 17. Kings were *Carthage* feodars)
Whilſt thus ſhe floriſhd, whilſt hir *Hannibal*
Made *Rome* to tremble, and the Wals yet pale:
Then in this *Carthage* *Sophoniſba* liu'd
The farre fam'd daughter of great *Aſdruball*
For whom ('mongſt others) potent *Syphax* ſues
And well grac'd *Maſſiniſſa* riuals him
Both Princes of proud Scepters: but the lot
Of doubtfull fauour *Maſſiniſſa* grac'd
At which *Syphax* grows blacke: For now the night
Yeelds loud reſoundings of the nuptiall pompe:
Apollo ſtrikes his Harpe: *Hymen* his Torch
Whilſt lowring *Iuno* with ill-boding eye
Sits enuious at too forward *Venus*: Loe
The inſtant night: And now ye worthier minds
To whom we ſhall preſent a female glory
(The wonder of a conſtancie ſo fixt
That Fate it ſelfe might well grow enuious)

Be pleaſd to ſit ſuch as may merrit oile
And holy dew ſtil'd from diuiner heat,
For reſt thus knowing, what of this you heare,
The Author lowly hopes, but muſt not feare.
For iuſt worth neuer reſts on popular frowne,
To haue done well is faire deeds onely crowne.

Nec ſe quiſiueris extra.

Cornets ſound a March, the Prologue leads *Maſſiniſſas* troupes ouer the Stage, and departs: *Syphax* troupes onely ſtay.

Actus Primi. Scena prima.

Syphax and *Vangue.*

SY: *Syphax, Syphax,* why waſt thou curſd a King?
What angry God made thee ſo great, ſo vile?
Contemd, diſgraced, thinke, wert thou a ſlaue
Though *Sophoniſba* did reiect thy loue
Thy low neglected head vnpointed at
Thy ſhame vnrumord and thy fute vnſkoffd
Might yet reſt quiet: *Reputation*
Thou awe of fooles and greatmen: thou that choakſt
Freeſt addictions, and makſt mortals ſweat
Bloud and cold drops in feare to looſe, or hope
To gaine thy neuer certaine ſeldome worthy gracings.
Reputation!
Wert not for thee *Syphax* could beare this ſkorne
Not ſpouting vp his gall among his bloud
In blacke vexations: *Maſſiniſſa* might
Inioy the ſweets of his preferred graces
Without my dangerous Enuy or Reuenge
Wert not for thy affliction all might ſleepe
In ſweete obliuion: But (O greatnes ſkourge!)
We cannot without Enuie keepe high name
Nor yet diſgrac'd can haue a quiet ſhame.
Va. Scipio: - -
Sy. Some light in depth of hell: *Vangue* what hope?
Va. I haue receaud aſſur'd intelligence
That *Scipio Romes* ſole hope hath raiſd vp men
Drawne troupes together for inuaſion - -
Sy. Of this ſame *Carthage*. *Va.* With this pollicie
To force wild *Hannibal* from *Italy* - - -
Sy. And draw the war to *Affricke*. *Va.* Right. *Sy.* And ſtrike
This ſecure countrey with vnthought of armes
Va. My letters beare he is departed *Rome*
Directly ſetting courſe and ſayling vp. - -
Sy. To *Carthage, Carthage,* O thou eternall youth

Man

Man of large fame great and abounding glory
Renounefull *Scipio*, ſpread thy too-necked Eagles,
Fill full thy ſailes with a reuenging wind,
Strike through obedient Neptune, till thy prows
Daſh vp our *Lybian* ouſe, and thy iuſt armes
Shine with amazfull terror on theſe wals,
O now record thy Fathers honord bloud
Which *Carthage* drunke, thy Vncle *Publius* bloud
Which *Carthage* drunke, 30000. ſoules
Of choice *Italians* *Carthage* ſet on wing:
Remember *Hannibal*, yet *Hannibal*
The conſul-queller: O then inlarge thy hart
Be thouſand ſoules in one, let all the breath
The ſpirit of thy name and nation be mixt ſtrong
In thy great hart: O fall like thunder ſhaft
The winged vengeance of incenſed *Ioue*
Vpon this *Carthage*: for *Syphax* here flies off
From all allegeance, from all loue or ſeruice
His (now freed) ſcepter once did yeeld this Cittie
Yee vniuerſall Gods, *Light*, *Heate*, and *Ayre*
Proue all vnbleſſing *Syphax* if his hands
Once reare them ſelues for Carthage but to curſe it.
It had beene better they had changd their faith,
Denide their Gods, then ſleighted *Syphax* loue
So fearefully will I take vengeance.
I'le interleague with *Scipio*. *Vangue*.
Deere *Ethiopian Negro*, goe wing a veſſell
And fly to *Scipio*: ſay his confederate
Vowd and confirmd is *Syphax*: bidd him haſt
To mix our palmes and armes: will him make vp
Whilſt we are in the ſtrength of diſcontent
Our vnſuſpected forces well in armes
For *Sophoniſba*, *Carthage*, *Asdruball*
Shall feele their weaknes in preferring weaknes
And one leſſe great then we, to our deere wiſhes
Haſte gentle *Negro*, that this heape may knowe
Me, and their wronge: *Va*: Wronge? (ſtronge
Sy. I, tho twere not, yet knowe while Kings are

What

What thei'le but thinke and not what is, is wrong
I am diſgrac'd in, and by that which hath
No reaſon, *Loue*, and *Woman*, my reuenge
Shall therefore beare no argument of right
Paſſion is *Reaſon* when it ſpeakes from Might
I tell thee, man, nor Kings, nor Gods exempt
But they grow pale if once they find Contempt: *haſte.*
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter, Arcathia, Nycea with Tapers *Sophoniſba* in her night attyre followed by *Zanthia.*

So. Watch at the dors: and till we be repoſ'd
Let no one enter: *Zanthia* vndoe me.
Za. With this motto vnder your girdle
You had bin vndone if you had not bin vndone humbleſt ſeruice.
So. I wonder *Zanthia* why the cuſtome is
To vſe ſuch *Ceremonie* ſuch ſtrict ſhape
About vs women: forſooth the Bride muſt ſteale
Before her Lord to bed: and then delaies
Long expectations all againſt knowne wiſhes
I hate theſe figures in locution
Theſe about phraſes forc'd by *ceremonie*
We muſt ſtill ſeeme to flie what we moſt ſeeke
And hide our ſelues from that we faine would find vs
Let thoſe that thinke and ſpeake and doe iuſt actes
Know forme can giue no vertue to their actes
Nor detract vice.
Za. 'las faire Princes, thoſe that are ſtrongly form'd
And truely ſhapt may naked walke, but we
We things cal'd women, onely made for ſhow
And pleaſure, created to beare children
And play at ſhuttle-coke, we imperfect mixtures
without reſpectiue *ceremonie vſ'd*
And euer complement, alas what are we?
Take from vs formall cuſtome and the curteſies

Which ciuill faſhion hath ſtill vſ'd to vs
We fall to all contempt, O women how much
How much are you beholding to *Ceremony*,
So. You are familiar. *Zanthia* my ſhooe,
Za. Ti's wonder Madam you treade not awry.
So. Your reaſon *Zanthia*. *Za.* You goe very high.
So. Harke, Muſicke, Muſicke.

The Ladies lay the Princes in a faire bed, and cloſe the curtaines whil'ſt *Maſſiniſſa Enters.*

Ni. The Bridgrome. *Arca.* The Bridgrome
So. Haſt good *Zanthia*, helpe, keepe yet the dores
Za. Faire fall you Lady, ſo, admit admit.

Enter Foure boyes antiquely attiered with bows and quiuers dauncing to the *Cornets*, a phantaſtique meaſure, *Maſſiniſſa* in his night gowne led by *Aſdruball* and *Hanno* followed by *Bytheas* and *Iugurth*, the boyes draw the Curtaines diſcouerin g *Sophoniſba* to whom *Maſſiniſſa* ſpeakes.

Ma. You powers of ioy: Gods of a happie bed
Show you are pleaſ'd, ſiſter and wife of *Ioue*
High fronted *Iuno* and thou *Carthage* Patron
Smoth chind *Appollo*, both giue modeſt heat
And temperat graces.
Maſſ. drawes a white ribbon forth of the bed as from the waſte of *Sopho.*
Maſ. Loe I vnlooſe thy waſte
She that is iuſt in loue is Godlike chaſte: *Io to Hymen.*
Chorus with cornets, Organ, and voices. *Io to Hymen.*
So. A modeſt ſilence tho'te be thought
A virgins beautie and hir higheſt honor
Though baſhfull fainings nicely wrought
Grace hir that vertue takes not in, but on hir
What I dare thinke I boldly ſpeake
After my word my well bold action ruſheth

In

In open flame then paſſion breake
Where *Vertue* prompts, thought word, act neuer bluſheth,
Reuenging Gods whoſe Marble hands
Cruſh faithleſſe men with a confounding terror
Giue me no mercy if theſe bands
I couet not with an vnfained feruor
Which zealous vow when ought can force me t'lame
Load with that plague *Atlas* would groane at, ſhame. *Io to Himẽ.*

Chorus. Io *to* Hymen.

Aſdru. Liue both high parents of ſo happy birth
Your ſtemms may touch the skies and ſhaddow earth
Moſt great in fame more great in vertue ſhining
Proſper O powers a iuſt, a ſtrong diuining. Io *to* Hymen.

Chorus. Io *to* Hymen.

Enter Carthalo his ſword drawne, his body wounded, his ſhield ſtrucke full of darts: *Maſſin.* being reddy for bedde.

Car. To bold harts Fortune, be not you amazd
Carthage O *Carthage*: be not you amazd.
Ma. Ioue made vs not to feare, reſolue, ſpeake out
The higheſt miſery of man is doubt: Speake *Carthalo.*
Car. The ſtooping Sun like to ſome weaker Prince
Let his ſhads ſpread to an vnnaturall hugeneſſe
When we the campe that lay at *Vtica*
From *Carthage* diſtant but fiue eaſie leagues
Diſcride from of the watch three hundred ſaile
Vpon whoſe tops the *Roman* Eagles ſtreachd
Their large ſpread winges, which fan'd the euening ayre
To vs cold breath, for well we might diſcerne
Rome ſwam to *Carthage.*
Aſd. Hannibal our ancor is come backe, thy ſlight
Thy Stratagem to lead warre vnto *Rome*
To quite our ſelues, hath taught now deſperat *Rome*
T'aſſaile our *Carthage*, Now the warre is here.

Ma. He is nor bleſſd nor honeſt that can feare.
Ha. I but to caſt the worſt of our diſtreſſe. - -
Ma. To doubt of what ſhall be is wretchedneſſe
Deſier, Feare, and *Hope,* receaue no bond
By whom, we in our ſelues are neuer but beyond. *On.*
Car. Th'allarum beates neceſſitie of fight
Th'vnſober euening drawes out reeling forces
Souldiers halfe men, who to their colors troupe
With fury, not with valor: whilſt our ſhips
Vnrigd, vnuſd, fitter for fier then water
We ſaue in our bard hauen from ſurpriſe.
By this our army marcheth toward the ſhore,
Vndiſciplind young men moſt bold to doe
If they knew how, or what, when we diſcrie
A mightie duſt beate vp with horſes houes
Straight Roman enſignes glitter: *Scipio.*
Aſd. Scipio.
Car. Scipio aduaunced like the God of blood
Leads vp grim *war,* that father of foule wounds
Whoſe ſinowy feete are ſteepd in gore, whoſe hideous voice
Makes turrets tremble, and whole Citties ſhake
Before whoſe browes flight and diſorder hurry
With whom March *Burnings, murder, wrong, waſte, rapes*
Behind whom a ſad traine is ſeene, *Woe, Feares*
Tortures, Leane, Neede, Famine, and helpleſſe teares
Now make we equall ſtand in mutuall vew
We iudg'd the *Romans* 18. thouſand foote
5000. Horſe, we almoſt doubled them
In number not in vertue: yet in heate
Of youth and wine iolly and full of bloud.
We gaue the ſigne of battle: ſhouts are raiſd
That ſhooke the heauens: *Pell Mell* our armys ioyne
Horſe, targets, pikes all againſt each appoſd
They giue fierce ſhoke, arms thundred as they cloſd
Men couer earth which ſtraight are couered
With men and earth: yet doubtfull ſtood the fight
More faire to *Carthage*; when loe as oft you ſee

In

In mines of gold, when laboring ſlaues delue out
The richeſt ore, being in ſuddaine hope
With ſome vnlookt for vaine to full their buckets
And ſend huge treaſure vp, a ſuddaine damp
Stifles them all, their hands yet ſtuffd with gold
So fell our fortunes for looke as yee ſtood proud
As hopefull victors, thinking to returne
With ſpoiles worth triumph, wrathfull *Syphax* lands
With full ten thouſand ſtrong *Numidian* horſe
And ions to *Scipio*, then loe we all were damp't
We fall in gluſters and our wearied troups
Quit all: ſlaughter ran throw vs ſtraight, we flie
Romans purſue, but *Scipio* ſounds retraite
As fearing traines and night: we make amaine
For *Carthage* moſt, and ſome for *Vtica*
All for our liues: new force, freſh armes with ſpeed
You haue ſaid truth of all: no more. I bleede.
By. O wretched fortune. *Maſ.* Old Lord ſpare thy hayres
What doſt thou thinke baldneſſe will cure thy greefe
What decree the *Senate*?

Enter *Geloſſo* with Commiſſions in his hand ſeald.

Gelo. Aske old *Geloſſo* who returnes from them
Informd with fulleſt charge ſtrong *Aſdruball*
Great *Maſſiniſſa* *Carthage* Generall
So ſpeakes the *Senate*: Counſell for this warre
In *Hanno magnus*, *Bytheas*, *Carthalon*.
And vs *Geloſſo* reſts: Imbrace this charge
You neuer yet diſhonord. *Aſdruball*
High *Maſſiniſſa* by your vowes to *Carthage*
By God of great-men *Glory*, fight for *Carthage*
Ten thouſand ſtrong *Maſſulians* readie troupt
Expect their King, double that number waites
The leading of loud *Aſdruball*; beate lowde
Our *Affrike* drummes, and whil'ſt our o're-toild foe
Snores on his vnlaced cask, all faint though proud
Through his ſucceſſull fight ſtrike freſh allarmes
Gods are not if they grace not bold iuſt armes.

Maſſ. *Carthage* thou ſtraight ſhalt know
Thy fauoures haue beene done vnto a king.
Exit with Asdruball and the Page.
Soph. My Lords t, is moſt vnuſuall ſuch ſad haps
Of ſuddeine horror, ſhould intrude mong beds
Of ſoft and priuate loues; but ſtran ge euents
Excuſe ſtrāge form's. O you that know our bloud
Reuenge if I doe faine: I here proteſt
Though my Lord leaue his wife a very mayde,
Euen this night inſtead of my ſoft armes
Claſping his well ſtrong lims with gloſſfull ſteele,
Whats ſafe to *Carthage* ſhall be ſweete to me.
I muſt not, nor I am once ignorant
My choyſe of loue hath giuen this ſuddein dāger
To yet ſtrong *Carthage*: t'was I loſt the fight,
My choice vext *Syphax* inrag'd *Syphax* ſtruk
Armes fate: yet *Sophoniſba* not repents,
O we were Gods if that we knew euents.
But t let me Lord leaue *Carthage*, quit his virtue
I will not loue him, yet muſt honor him,
As ſtill good Subjects muſt badd Princes: Lords
From the moſt ill-grac'd *Hymeneall* bedde
That euer *Iuno* frown'd at, I intreat
That you'le collect from our looſe form'd ſpeach
This firme reſolue: that no loe Appetite
Of my ſex weaknes, can or ſhall orecome
Due gratefull ſeruice vnto you, or virtue.
Witneſſe ye Gods I neuer vntill now
Repin'd at my creation; now I wiſh
I were no woman, that my armes might ſpeake
My hart to *Carthage*; but in vaine, my tongue
Sweares I am woman ſtill: I talke to long.

Cornets a march. *Enter* two Pages with targets and Iauelins two Pages with torches.
Maſsiniſſa arm'd a cape a pee.
Aſdruball
arm'd.

Ma.

Ma. Ye *Carthage* Lords: know *Maſſiniſſa* knowes
Not only terms of honor: but his actions
Nor muſt I now inlarge how much my cauſe
Hath dangerd *Carthage* but how I may ſhow
My ſelfe moſt preſt to ſatisfaction
The loathſome ſtaine of Kings *Ingratitude*
From me O much be farre, and ſince this torrent
Warres rage admits no Ancor: ſince the billow
Is riſen ſo high we may not hull but yeelde
This ample ſtate to ſtroke of ſpeedy ſwords
What you with ſober haſt hath well decreed
Weele put to ſuddaine armes: no not this night
Theſe dainties this firſt fruits of nuptials
That well might giue excuſe for feeble lingrings
Shall hinder *Maſſiniſſa.* *Appetite*
Kiſſes, loues, dalliance and what ſofter ioyes
The *Venus* of the pleaſingſt eaſe can miniſter
I quit you all: *Vertue* perforce is *Vice*
But he that may, yet holds, is manly wiſe
Loe then ye *L*ords of *Carthage*, to your truſt
I leaue all *Maſſiniſſas* treaſure by the oath
Of right good men ſtand to my fortune iuſt.
Moſt hard it is for great harts to miſtruſt.
Car. We vow by all high powers. *Ma.* No doe not ſweare,
I was not borne ſo ſmall to doubt or feare.
So. Worthy my Lord. *Ma.* Peace my eares are ſteele
I muſt not heare thy much inticing voice.
So. By *Maſſiniſſa*, *Sophoniſba* ſpeakes
Worthy his wife: goe with as high a hand
As worth can reare, I will not ſtay my Lord
Fight for our country, vent thy youthfull heate
In field not beds, the fruite of honor *Fame*
Be rather gotten then the oft diſgrace
Of hapleſſe parents, children, goe beſt man
And make me proud to be a ſoldiers wife
That valews his renoune aboue faint pleaſures
Thinke euery honor that doth grace thy ſword
Trebbles my loue: by thee I haue no luſt

But of thy glory: beſt lights of heauen with thee
Like wonder ſtand, or fall, ſo though thou die
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.
Maſ. Wondrous creature, euen fit for Gods not men
Nature made all the reſt of thy faire ſex
As weake eſſaies, to make thee a patterne
Of what can be in woman. Long Farewell.
Hees ſure vnconquer'd in whom thou doſt dwell
Carthage Palladium. See that glorious lampe
Whoſe lifefull preſence giueth ſuddaine flight
To phanſies, fogs, feares, ſleepe, and ſlothfull night
Spreads day vpon the world: march ſwift amaine
Fame got with loſſe of breath is godlike gaine.

The Ladies draw the curtaines about *Sophoniſba*, the reſt accompany *Maſſinſſa* forth, the *Cornets* and *Organs* playing loud full Muſicke for the Act.

Actus Primi.

FINIS.

Actus Secundi.

Scena Prima.

Whil'ſt the Muſicke for the firſt *Act* ſoundes *Hanno*, *Carthalo*, *Bytheas*, *Geloſſo* *enter*: They place themſelues to Counſell, *Giſco* th'impoiſner waiting on them, *Hanno*, *Carthalo*, and *Bytheas*, ſetting their hands to a writing, which being offer'd to *Geloſſo*, he denies his hand, and as much offended impatiently ſtarts vp and ſpeakes.

Geloſſo,

Gelaſſo. Hanno. Bytheas. Carthalo.

Gel. My hand? my hand? rotte firſt, wither in aged ſhame
Han. Wil you be ſo vnſeaſonably wood?
Byt. Hold ſuch prepoſterous zeale as ſtand againſt
the full decree of Senate? all think fitte.
Car. Nay moſt vneuitable neceſſarie
For Carthage ſafty, and the now ſole good
Of preſent ſtate, that wee muſt breake all faith
With *Maſſiniſſa*: whilſt he fights abroad
Lets gaine backe *Syphax*, making him our owne
By giuing *Sophoniſba* to his bed.
Han. *Syphax* is *Maſſiniſſas* greater, and his force
Shall giue more ſide to *Carthage*; as fors queene
And her wiſe father, they loue *Carthage* fate,
Profit, and Honeſty, are one in ſtate.
Gel. And what decrees our very vertuous ſenate
Of worthy *Maſſiniſſa* that now fightes
and (leauing wife and bed) bleeds in good armes
For right old *Carthage*? *Car.* Thus tis thougt fit
Hir father *Aſdruball* on ſudeine ſhall take in
Reuolted *Siphax*; ſo with doubled ſtrength
Before that *Maſſiniſſa* ſhall ſuſpect,
Slaughter boeth *Maſſiniſſa* and his troupes,
And likewiſe ſtrike with his deepe ſtratagem
A ſuddeine weaknes into *Scipios* armes,
By drawing ſuch alim from the maine body
Of his yet powerfull armie: which being don
Dead *Maſſiniſſas* kingdom we decree
To *Sophoniſba* and great *Aſdruball*
For their conſent, ſo this ſwift plot ſhall bring
Two crowns to hir, make *Aſdruball* a king.
Gel. So firſt faithes breach, adultery, murder, theft,
Car. What els? *Gel.* Nay all is don no miſcheif left
Car. Piſh proſperous ſucceſſe giues blackeſt actions glory,
The means are vnremembred in moſt ſtory.
Gel. Let me not ſay Gods are not. *Car.* This is fit

Conqueſt by bloud is not ſo ſweet as wit,
For how ſo ere nice vertue cenſures of it,
He hath the grace of warre, that hath wars profit.
But Carthage well aduiſde, that ſtates comes on,
With ſlow aduice, quicke execution,
Haue here an Engineere long bred for plots,
Cal'd an impoiſner, who knows this ſound excuſe,
The onely dew that makes men ſprout in Courtes, is vſe,
Be't well or ill, his thrift is to be mute,
Such ſlaues muſt act commands, and not diſpute.
Knowing foule deedes with danger do begin
But with rewardes do end: Sin is no ſin
But in reſpects---
Gel. Politique Lord, ſpeake low tho heauen beares
A face far from vs, Gods haue moſt long eares,
Ioue has a hundred marble marble hands
Car. O I, in Poetry or Tragique ſceane.
Gel. I feare Gods onely know what Poets mean.
Car. Yet heare me: I will ſpeake cloſe truth and ceaſe,
Nothing in Nature is vnſeruiſable,
No, not euen *Inutility* it ſelfe,
Is then for nought diſhoneſty in beeing,
And if it be ſomtimes of forced vſe,
Wherein more vrgent then in ſauing nations
State ſhapes are ſoderd vp, with baſe, nay faulty
Yet neceſſary functions; ſome muſt lie,
Some muſt betray, ſome murder, and ſome all,
Each hath ſtrong vſe, as poyſon in all purges
Yet when ſome violent chance ſhall force a ſtate,
To breake giuen faith, or plot ſome ſtratagems,
Princes aſcribe that vile neceſſity
Vnto Heauens wrath: and ſure tho't be no vice,
Yet t'is bad chance: ſtates muſt not ſtick to nice
For *Maſſiniſſas* death ſence bids forgiue
Beware to offend greate men and let them liue
For tis of empires body the mayne arme,
He that will do no good ſhall doe no harme: yow haue my mind
Gel. Although a ſtagelike paſsion & weake heate

Full

Full of an empty wording might ſute age
Know Ile ſpeake ſtrongly truth: Lordes neere
That he who'le not betray a priuate man (miſtruſt
For his country, will neer betray his country
For priuate men; then giue *Geloſo* faith
If treachery in ſtate be ſeruiceable,
Let hangmen doe it: I am bound to looſe
My life but not my honour for my country;
Our vow, our faith, our oath, why th'are our ſelues
And he thats faithleſſe to his proper ſelfe,
May be excuſd if he breake faith with princes:
The Gods aſsiſt juſt hearts, & ſtates that truſt,
Plots before *Prouidence* are toſt like duſt.
For *Maſsiniſsa*: (O let me ſlake a little
Auſtere diſcourſe and cell *Humanitie*)
Me thinkes I heare him cry. O fight for *Carthage*,
Charge home, wounds ſmart not, for that ſo juſt ſo
So good a Citty: me thinks I ſee him yet (great
Leaue his faire bride euen on his nuptiall night
To buckle on his armes for *Carthage*: Harke-
Yet, yet, I heare him cry-- *Ingratitude*
Vile ſtaine of man. O ouer be moſt far
From *Maſsiniſsas* breaſt: vp, march amaine,
Fame got with loſſe of breath, is godlike gaine.
And ſee by this he bleedes in doubtfull fight:
And cries for *Carthage*, whilſt *Carthage*-- *Memory*
Forſake *Geloſo*, would I could not think:
Nor heare, nor bee, When *Carthage* is
So infinitely vile: ſee ſee looke here,

Cornets. Enter two Vſhers. Sophoniſba. Zanthia. Arcathia. Hanno Bytheas and Carthalo preſent Sophoniſba with a paper, which ſhee hauing peruſed, after a ſhort ſilence ſpeakes

Who ſpeakes? what mute? fair plot: what? bluſh to breake it?
How lewd to act when ſo ſham'd but to ſpeake it.
So. Is this the *Senates* firme decrees *Car.* It is.

Sopho. Is this the Senates firme decree? *Car.* It is
Sopho. Hath *Syphax* entertaind the ſtratagem?
Car. No doubt he hath, or will. *So.* My anſwers
Whats ſafe to *Carthage*, ſhall be ſweet to me (thus,
Car. Right worthy *Ha.* Roialeſt *Ge.* O very wo
So. But tis not ſafe for *Carthage* to deſtroy, (man!
Be moſt vniuſt, cunninglie politique,
Your heads ſtill vnder Heauen, O truſt to fate,
Gods proſper more a iuſt then crafty ſtate.
Tis leſſe diſgrace to haue a pitied loſſe
Then ſhamefull victory. *Ge.* O very Angel!
So. We all haue ſworne good *Maſſiniſſa* faith,
Speach makes vs men, and thers no other bond
Twixt man and man, but words: O equall Gods
Make vs once know the conſequence of vowes--
Ge. And wee ſhall hate faith-breakers worſe then man-eaters
So. Ha! good *Geloſſo* is thy breath not here?
Ge. You doe me wrong as long as I can die,
Doubt you that old *Gelaſſo* can be vile?
States may afflict, tax, orture, but our mindes
Are ōly ſworne to *Ioue*: I greiue and yet am proud
That I alone am honeſt: high powers you know
Virtue is ſeldom ſeene with troupes to goe.
So. Excellent man *Carthage* & *Rome* ſhall fall
Before thy fame: our Lords know I the worſt.
Car. The Gods foreſaw, tis fate we thus are forc'd
So. *Gods naught foreſee, but ſee, for to their eyes*
Naught is to come, or paſt, Nor are you vile
Becauſe the Gods foreſee: *for Gods and We*
See as thinges are things are not, for we ſee
But ſince affected wiſdom in vs Women
Is our ſex higheſt folly: I am ſilent,
I cannot ſpeake leſſe well, vnleſſe I were
More void of goodneſſe: Lordes of *Carthage*, thus
The ayre and earth of *Carthage* owes my body,
It is their ſeruant; what decree they of it?
Car. That you remoue to *Cirta*, to the pallace
Of well form'd *Syphax*, who with longing eyes
Meetes you: he that giues way to *Fate* is wiſe.

So. I goe: what power can make me wretched? what
Is there in life to him, that knowes lifes loſſe (euill
To be no euill: ſhow, ſhow thy vglieſt brow
O moſt blacke chaunce: make me a wretched ſtory
Without miſfortune Vertue hath no glorie
Oppoſed trees makes tempeſts ſhow their power
And waues forc'd back by rocks maks *Neptune* tower
Teareleſſe O ſee a miracle of life
A maide, a widdow, yet a hapleſſe wife.

Cornets. *Sopho. accompanied with the Senators depart, onely Geloſſo ſtaies.*

Ge. A prodegy! let nature run croſſe legd
Ops goe vpon thy head, let *Neptune* burne
Cold *Saturne* cracke with heate for now the world
Hath ſeene a *Woman*:
Leape nimble lightning from *Ioues* ample ſhield
And make at length, an end, the proud hot breath
Of thee contemning *Greatneſſe*, the huge drought
Of ſole ſelfe louing vaſt *Ambition*.
Th'vnnaturall ſcorching heate of all thoſe lamps
Thou reard'ſt to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heat
Relentleſſe rage whoſe hart hath no one drop
Of humane pittie: all all loudly cry
Thy brand O *Ioue*, for know the world is dry
O let *A generall end* ſaue *Carthage* fame
When worlds doe burne vnſeens a Citties flame.
Phœbus in me is great: *Carthage* muſt fall
Ioue hats all vice but vows breach worſt of all. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda. *Cornets ſound a charge: Enter Maſſiniſſa in his gorget and ſhert, ſhield, ſword, his arme tranſfixt with a dart Iugurth followes with his curaes and caske.*

Maſ. Mount vs againe, giue vs another horſe
Iug. Vncle your bloud flows faſt, pray ye withdraw
Maſ. O *Iugurth* I cannot bleed too faſt. too much
For that ſo great, ſo iuſt ſo royall *Carthage*
My wound ſmarts not, blouds loſſe maks me not faint.

For that lou'de Citty, O Nephew let me tell thee,
How good that *Carthage* is: it nouriſhde me,
And when full time gaue me fit ſtrength for loue,
The moſt adored creature of the citty.
To vs before great *Syphax* did they yeeld,
Faire, noble, modeſt, and boue all, my,
My *Sophoniſba*, O *Iugurth* my ſtrength doubles
I know not how to turne a coward, drop
In feeble baſenes, I cannot: giue me horſe,
Know I am *Carthage* very creature, and I am gracde,
That I may bleed for them: giue me freſh horſe.
Iug. He that doth publike good for multitude,
Findes few are truely gratefull,
Maſ. O *Iugurth*, fie you muſt not ſay ſo, *Iugurth*,
Some common weales melt at a noble hart,
Too forward bleeds abrode and bleed bemond,
But not reuengd at home, but *Carthage*, fie
It cannot be vngrate, faithles through feare,
It cannot *Iugurth*: *Sophoniſba's* there,
Beat a freſh charge.

Enter Aſdrubal his ſword drawne reading a letter Giſco follows him

Aſd. Sound the retraite, reſpect your health braue Prince,
The waſte of blood throw's palenes on your face,
Ma. By light, my harts not pale: O my lou'd father,
We bleed for *Carthage* Balſum to my woundes,
We bleede for *Carthage*: ſhals reſtore the fight?
My ſquadron of Maſſulians yet ſtands firme.
Aſd. The day lookes off from *Carthage* ceaſe allarms
A modeſt temperance is the life of armes,
Take our beſt ſurgeon *Giſco*, he is ſent
From *Carthage* to attend your chance of warre,
Giſ. We promiſe ſudden eaſe. *Ma.* Thy cõforts good
Aſd. That nothing can ſecure vs but thy blood:
Infuſe it in his wound, t'will worke amaine,
Giſ. O *Ioue*, *Aſd.* What *Ioue?* thy God muſt be thy gain
And as for me. *Apollo Pythean*

Thou

Thou know'ſt, a ſtatiſt muſt not be a man.

Exit Adru.

Enter Geloſſo diſguiſed like an olde ſoldier, deliuering to Maſſiniſſa (as he preparing to be dreſſed by Giſco) a letter which Maſſiniſſa reading, ſtarts and ſpeakes to Ciſco.

Ma. Forbeare, how art thou cald? *Gi. Giſco* my Lord.
Maſ. Vm, *Giſco*, ha, touch not mine arme, moſt onely man,
to Geloſſo.
Sirrha, firrha, art poore? *Gi.* not poore. *Ma.* Nephew cõmand
Maſſiniſſa begins to drawe.
Our troupes of horſe make indiſgracde retraite,
Trot eaſie off: not poore: *Iugurth* giue charge,
My ſouldiers ſtand in ſquare battalia, *Exit Iugurth.*
Intirely of themſelues: *Giſco* th'art old,
Tis time to leaue off murder, thy faint breath,
Scarce heaues thy ribs, thy gummy bloud-ſhut eyes,
Are ſunke a great way in thee, thy lanke skinne,
Slides from thy fleſhleſh veines: be good to men,
Iudge him yee Gods, I had not life to kill
So baſe a Creature, hold *Giſco* ( ) liue,
The God-like part of Kings is to forgiue,
Giſ. Command aſtoniſhd *Giſco*. *Maſ.* No returne.
Haſte vnto *Carthage*: quit thy abiect feares,
Maſiniſſa knowes no vſe of murderers.

Enter Iugurth amazde, his ſword drawne.

Speake, ſpeake, let terror ſtrike ſlaues mute.
Much danger makes great hartes moſt reſolute,
Iug. Vnkle I feare foule armes, my ſelfe beheld,
Syphax on high ſpeed run his well breathde horſe,
Direct to *Cirta* that moſt beauteous Citty,
Of all his kingdome: whilſt his troupes of horſe
With careles trot pace gently toward our campe,
As friendes to *Carthage*, ſtand on guard deere vnckle
For *Aſdrubal* with yet his well rankt armie,
Bends a deepe threatning brow to vs as if,

He-

He waited but to ioyne with *Syphax* horſe
And hew vs all to peeces: O my King
My Vncle, Father, Captaine O ouer *All*
Stand like thy ſelfe or like thy ſelfe now fall
Thy troups yet hold good ground: Vnworthy
Betray not *Maſſiniſſa*. *Ma.* *Iugurth* pluck (wounds
Pluck, ſo, good cuz. *Iug.* O God doe you not feele?
Maſ. Not *Iugurth* no, now all my fleſh is ſteele.
Gela. Of baſe diſguiſe: *High lights* ſcorne not to vew
A true old man: vp *Maſſiniſſa* throw
The lot of battle vpon *Syphax* troups
Before he ioyne with *Carthage*: then amaine
Make through to *Scipio*, he yeelds ſafe abods
Spare treacherie, and ſtrike the very Gods.
Maſ. Why waſt thou borne at *Carthage*, O my fate
Diuineſt *Sophoniſba*! I am full
Of much complaint, and many paſſions,
The leaſt of which expreſd would ſad the Gods
And ſtrike compaſſion in moſt ruthleſſe hell
Vp vnmaimd hart ſpend all thy greefe and rage
Vpon thy foe: the fields a ſoldiers ſtage
On which his action ſhows: If you are iuſt
And hate thoſe that contemne you, O you Gods
Reuenge worthy your anger, your anger, O,
Downe man, vp hart, ſtoup *Ioue* and bend thy chin
To thy large breſt, giue ſigne th'art pleaſd, and iuſt
Sweare, good mens forheads muſt not print the duſt

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia. *Enter Aſdruball*, Hanno, *Bytheas.*

Aſ. What *Carthage* hath decreed, *Hanno* is done
Aduaunced and borne was *Aſdruball* for ſtate
Onely with it his faith, his loue, his hate
Are of one peece: were it my daughters life
That fate hath ſong to *Carthage* fatetie brings
What deed ſo red but hath beene done by Kings?

Ephiginia.

Syphax, he thats a man for men,
Ambitious as a God, must like a God
Liue cleare from passions, his full aimdeat end
Immence to others, sole selfe to comprehend
Round in's own globe, not to bee clapsd but holds
Within him all, his hart being of more foldes
Then sheeld of *Telamon* not to be peirced tho struck
The God of wisemen is themselues, not lucke.
Enter Gisco. See him by whom now *Massinissa* is not
Cisco i'st done? *Gis.* Your pardon worthy Lord,
I t is not don, my heart sunke in my breast,
His virtue mazd me, faintnes seasd me all,
Some Gods in Kinges that will not let them fall.
As. His virtue mazde thee, (vm) why now I see
Thart that iust man that hath true touch of blood,
Of pitty and soft piety: Forgiue?
Yes honour thee, wee did it but to trye
What sense thou hadst of blood: goe *Bytheas*
Take him into our priuate treasurie
And cut his throate, the slaue hath all betraide.
By. Are you assured? *As.* Afeard for this I know
Who thinketh to buy villany with golde,
Shall euer find such faith so bought so solde.
Reward him thorowly.

A shoute the Cornets giuing a florish.

Han. What meanes this shoute?
Asd. Hanno tis don: *Scyphax* reuolt by this
Hath securd Carthage: and now his force come in
And ioynde with vs giue *Massinissa* charge,
And assured slaughter: O ye powers forgiue,
Through rottenst dung best plâts both sprout & liue
By blood vines grow. *Ha.* But yet thinke *Asdruball*
T is fit at least you beare greefes outward showe,
It is your kinsman bleedes: what needemen knowe,
Your hand is in his wounds, tis well in state,
To doe close ill; but voide a publique hate.

Aſd. Tuſh *Hanno* let me proſper let routs prate,
My power ſhall force their ſilence or my hate.
Shall skorne their idle malice: men of waight
Know, he that feares enuy let him ceaſe to raigne,
The peoples hate to ſome hath bin their gaine.
For howſo ere a Monarke faines his partes,
Steale anie thing from Kinges but ſubiects hartes.

Enter Carthalo leading in bound *Geloſſo*.

Ca. Gard, gard the campe, make to the trench ſtand (firme
As. The Gods of boldnes with vs, how runs chance?
Ca. Think, think how wretched thou canſt be, thou art,
Short wordes ſhall ſpeake long woes: *Ge.* marke *Aſdruball*.
Ca. Our bloody plot to *Maſſiniſſas* eare
Vntimely by this Lord was all betraide.
Ge. By me, it was, by mee vile *Aſdruball*,
I ioy to ſpeak it. *As.* Downe ſlaue. *Ge.* I cannot fall.
Car. Our traines diſcloſd, ſtraight to his well vſde armes
He tooke himſelfe, roſe vp with all his force,
On *Syphax* careles troupes (*Syphax* beeing hurried
Before to Cirta fearles of ſucceſſe impatient *Sophoniſba* to inioy.)
Geloſſo rides to head of all our ſquadrons
Commandes make ſtand in thy name *Aſdruball*,
In nune, in his, in all: duli reſt our men,
Whilſt *Maſſiniſſa* now with more then fury,
Chargeth the looſe and much amazed rankes,
Of abſent *Syphax*: who with broken ſhoute,
(In vaine expecting Carthage ſecondings)
Giue faint repulſe: a ſecond charge is giuen
Then looke as when a Fawcon towrs aloft
Whole ſhoales of foule and flocks of leſſer birdes,
Crouch fearefully and diue ſome among ſedge,
Some creepe in brakes: ſo *Maſſiniſſas* ſword
Brandiſht aloft, toſſd bout his ſhining cask,
Made ſtoope whole ſquadrons, quick as thought he ſtrikes,
Here hurles he dartes? and there his rage ſtrong arme,
Fights foote to foote: heere cryes he ſtrike: they ſinke

And

And then grim slaughter followes, for by this
As men betraide, they curse vs, dye, or flye, or both
Of ten sixe thousand fell: Now was I come
And straight perceaud all Bled by his vile plot.
Ge. Vile? good plot, my good plot *Asdruball.*
Ca. I forced our army beat a running march,
But *Massinissa* strooke his spurs apace
Vpon his speedy horse, leaues slaughtering
All flye to *Scipio* who with open rankes
In view receaues them: All I could effect
Was but to gaine him. *As.* Dye. *Ge.* Do what thou can,
Thou canst but kill a weake old honest man.
Car. Scipio and *Massinissas* by this strike (*Geloso departes guarded*
Their clasped palmes, then vow an endles loue,
straight a ioynt shoute they raise, then turne they breastes
Direct on vs march strongly toward our campe
As if they darde vs fight, O *Asdruball.*
I feare theile force our campe. *As.* Breake vp and flye,
This was your plot, *Ha.* But t'was thy shame to choose it.
Car. He that forbids not offence he dos it.
As. The curse of womens *wordes* go vvith you: fly,
You are no villaines, Gods and men, vvhich vvay?
A duise vile thinges. *Ha.* Vile? *As.* I. *Ca.* Not? *By.* you did al
As. Did you not plot? *Car.* Yeelded not *Asdrubalt*
As. But you intic'd me. *Ha.* Hovv? *As* With hope of place.
Car. He that for vvealth leaues faith is abiect. *Ha.* base
As. Do not prouoke my svvord, I liue. *Ca.* More shame.
T'out liue thy virtue and thy once great name.
As. Vpbraide yee me? *Ha.* Hold. *Car.* Knovv that only thou
Art treacherous: thou shouldst haue had a crovvne.
Ha. Thou didst all, all he for vvhome mischiefes don
He dos it. *Asd.* :—Brode skorne oppen faind povvers
Make good the campe, no, fly, yes, vvhat? vvild rage,
To be a prosperous villane yet some heate some hold,
But to burne temples and yet freese, O cold,
Giue me some health, now your bloud sinkes: thus deedes
Ill nourisht, rot, without loue naught succeedes. Exeunt.

Actus Secundi. Finis.

Organ mixt with Recorders for this Act.

Actus Tertiũ, Scena Primus.

Syphax his dagger twon about her haire drags in *Sophoniſba* in hir nightgowne petticoate and *Zanthia* & *Vaugue following.*

Sy. Muſt wee intreat? ſue to ſuch ſqueamiſh eares,
Know *Syphax* has no knees, his eyes no teares,
Inraged loue is ſenſeles of remorce,
Thou ſhalt, thou muſt. Kings glory is their force.
Thou art in Carta, in my Pallace Foole
Doſt thinke he pittieth teares, that knowes to rule.
For all thy ſcornefull eyes thy proud diſdaine,
And late contempt of vs now weele reuenge,
Breake ſtubborne ſcilence: looke Ile tack thy head
To the low earth, whilſt ſtrẽgth of too black knaues,
Thy limbes all wide ſhall ſtraine: praier fitteth ſlaues.
Our courtſhip bee our force: reſt calme as ſleepe,
Els at this quake, harke, harke, wee cannot weepe.
So. Can *Sophoniſba* bee inforc'd? Sy. Can? ſee.
So. Thou maieſt inforce my body but not mee. (armes
Sy. Not? So. No. Sy. No? So. No off with thy loathed
That lye more heauy on me then the chaines,
That weare deepe wrinckles in the captiues limbes
I do beſeech thee. Sy. What? So. Be but a beaſt,
Be but a beaſt. Sy Do not offend a power
Can make thee more then wretched: yeelde to him
To whome fate yeeldes: Know *Maſſiniſſas* dead,
So. dead? Sy. dead. So. To Gods of goodnes ſhame
Sy. Help *vangue* my ſtrong blood boiles. So. O ſaue
thine owne (yet) fame.
Sy. All appetite is deafe, I will I muſt.
Achilles armour could not beare out luſt.
So. Hold thy ſtrong arme and heare my *Syphax* know;
I am thy ſeruant now: I needes muſt loue thee

For

For(O my ſex forgiue)I muſt confeſſe,
Wee not affect proteſting feeblenes.
Intreats faint bluſhings,tumerous modeſty,
We thinke our louer is but little man,
Who is ſo full of woman:Know faire Prince
Loues ſtrongeſt armes not rude: for we ſtill proue
Without ſome fury thers no ardent loue.
We loue our loues impatience of delay,
Our noble ſex was onely borne t'obay
To him that dares commaund. *Sy.* Why this is well.
Th'excuſe is good:wipe thy faire eyes our Queene,
Make proud thy head now feele:more frendly ſtrēgth
Of thy Lordes arme:come touch my rougher skin.
With thy ſoft lip *Zanthia* dreſſe our bed,
Forget ould loues and clip him that through blood,
And hell acquir's his Wiſh thinke not but kiſſe,
The floriſh fore loues fight is *Venus* bliſſe.
So. Great dreadfull Lord by thy affection
Grant mee one boone,know I haue made a vow,
Sy. Vow:what vow:ſpeake. *So.* Nay if you take offēce:
Let my ſoule ſuffer firſt and yet. *Sy.* offence?
Not *Sophoniſba*,hold,thy vow is free,
As:-----come thy lips. *So.* Alas croſſe miſery
As I do wiſh to liue I long to inioy,
Your warme imbrace,but O my vow tis thus,
If euer my Lord died I vowed to him,
A moſt,moſt priuate ſacrifice,before
I touched a ſecond ſpouſe:all I implore.
Is but this liberty: *Sy.* This? goe obtaine
What time? *So.* One hower. *Sy.* ſweet,goodſpeed ſpeed
Yet *Syphax* truſt no more then thou maiſt view.(adew
Vangue ſhall ſtay *So.* He ſtayes.

Enter a *Page* deliuering a letter to *Sopha.* which ſhee priuately reads.

Sy. *Zanthia*,*Zanthia*
Thou art not foule,go to,ſome Lords are oft

So much in loue with their knowne Ladyes bodies,
That they oft loue their vails, hold, hold thou'ſt find,
To faithfull care Kinges bounty hath no ſhore,
Za. You may do much. *Sy.* But let my gold do more.
Za. I am your creature. *Sy.* Bee, get, tis no ſtaine
The God of ſeruice is howeuer gaine. *Exit.*
So. *Zanthia*, where are we now? ſpeak worth my ſeruice
Ha wee don well? *Za.* Nay in haight of beſt.
I feard a ſuperſtitious virtue would ſpoile all,
But now I finde you aboue woemen rare,
Shee that can time her goodneſſe hath true care
Of hir beſt good. Nature at home beginnes
She whoſe integritye her ſelfe hurts ſinnes.
For *Maſſiniſſa*, hee was good and ſo,
But hee is dead, or worſe, diſtreſſed, or more
Then dead, or much diſtreſſed, O ſad, *poore*
Who euer held ſuch friendes: no let him goe
Such faith is praiſd, then laught at, for ſtill knowe,
Thoſe are the liuing woemen that reduce,
All that they touch vnto their eaſe and vſe.
Knowing that wedlock, virtue or good names,
Are courſes and varietyes of reaſon
To vſe or leaue as they aduantage them.
And abſolute within themſelues repoſde,
Onely to *Greatnes* Ope, to all els cloſde.
Weake ſanguine fooles, are to their owne good nice
Before I held you vertuous but now wiſe.
So. *Zanthia* victorious *Maſſiniſſa* liu's.
My *Maſſiniſſa* liues: O ſteddye powers
Keepe him as ſafe as heauen keepes the earth,
Which lookes vpon it with a thouſand eyes,
That honeſt valiant man and *Zanthia*,
Doe but recorde the iuſtice of his loue,
And my for euer vowes, for euer vowes.
Za. I true Madam: nay thinke of his great minde
His moſt iuſt heart his all of excellence
And ſuch a virtue as the Gods might enuy
Againe this *Syphax* is but:——and you know.

Fame

Fame loſt what can be got thats good: for: *So.* hence
Take nay with one hand. *Za.* My ſeruice. *So.* Prepare
Our ſacrifice. *Za.* But yeeld you, I or no?
So. Whē thou doſt know. *Za.* what thē: *So.* then thou wilt know
Let him that would haue counſell voide th'aduice *Exit: Zanthia*
Of friendes made his with waighty benefites
Whoſe much dependance onely ſtriues to fit
Humor not reaſon, and ſo ſtill deuiſe
In any thought to make their frieud ſeeme wiſe
But aboue all O feare a ſeruants toung, fear flattery
Like ſuch as onely for their gaine to ſerue
Within the vaſte capacitye of place
I know no vilenes ſo moſt truly baſe.
Their Lordes, their gaine: and he that moſt will giue,
With him (they will not dye: but) they will liue.
Traitors and theſe are one: ſuch ſlaues once truſt
Whet ſwords to make thine own blood lick the duſt.
Cornets and Organs playing full muſick. Enters the ſolemnity of a ſacrifice, which beeing entred whilſt the attendance furniſh the Altar Sopho. *Songe: which don ſhee ſpeakes.*
Withdraw, withdraw. *All but Zanthia & Vangue depart*
I not invoake thy arme thou God of ſound
Nor thine, nor thine, although in all abound.
High powers immenſe: But *Iouiall Mercury*
And thou O brighteſt femall of the ſky
Thrice modeſt *Phœbe*, you that iointly ſit
A worthy chaſtity and a moſt chaſt witte
To you corruptles *Hunny*, and pure dewe
Vpbreathes our holy fier. Words iuſt and few
O daine to heare if in poore wretches cryes
You glory not: if drops of withered eyes
Bee not your ſport, bee iuſt: all that I craue
Is but chaſt life or an vntainted graue.
I can no more: yet hath my conſtant toung
Let fall no weakenes, tho' my heart were wrung
VVith pangus worth hell: whilſt great thoghts ſtop our tears
Sorrowe vnſeene, vnpitied inward wears.
You ſee now where I reſt, come is my end.

Cannot

Cannot heauen, virtue, againſt weake chance defend
VVhen weakenes hath outborne what weakenes can,
VVnat ſhould I ſay tis Ioues, not ſinne of man.
Some ſtratagem now let wits God be ſhowne,
Celeſtiall powers by miracles are knowne.
I hau't tis don. *Zanthia* prepare our bed
Vangue Va. Your ſeruant. *So.* *Vangue* we haue performd
Duerites vnto the dead,

Soph: preſents a carous to *Vangue* & & &.

Now to thy Lord great *Syphax* healthfull cups: which don,
The King is right much welcome.
Va. VVere it as deep as thoght off it ſhonld thns---he drinks
So. My ſafety with that draught.
Va. Cloſe the vaults mouth leaſt we do ſlip in drinke,
So. To what vſe gentle *Negro* ſerues this caue
Whoſe mouth thus opens ſo familliarly,
Euen in the Kings bedchamber? *Va.* O my Queene
This vault with hideous darkenes and much length
ſtretcheth beneath the earth into a groue
One league from Cirta (I am very ſleepy)
Through this when Cirta hath beene ſtrong begirt
VVith hoſtile ſiedge the King hath ſafely ſcaped
To, to, *So.* The wine is ſtrong. *Va.* ſtrong? *So.* *Zanthia*
Za. VVhat meanes my princes? *So.* *Zanthia* reſt firme
And ſcilent, helpe vs: Nay do not dare refuſe.
Za. The *Negros* dead. *So.* No drunke. *Za.* Alas, *So.* Too late,
Her hand is feareſull whoſe mindes deſperate.
It is but ſleepie *Opium* he hath drunke,
Helpe *Zanthia.* *They lay* *Vangue in Syphax bed & draw the curtaines,* there lye *Syphax* bride, a naked man is ſoone vndreſt;
There bide diſhonoured paſſion they knock within, forthwith *Syphax* comes.
Sy. VVay for the King. *So.* Straight for the King: I flye
VVhere miſery ſhall ſee nought but it ſelfe.
Deere *Zanthia* cloſe the vault when I am ſunk
And whilſt he ſlips to bed eſcape be true
I can no more, come to me: Harke Gods, my breath *(ſceuds*
Scornes to craue life graunt but a well famde death. *ſheede-*

Enter

Enter Syphax ready for bedd.

Sy. Each man withdraw, let not a creature ſtay
Within large diſtance. *Za.* Sir? *Sy.* hence *Zanthia*,
Not thou ſhalt heare, all ſtand without eare-reach
Of the ſoft cries nice ſhrinking brides do yeeld
When--- *Za.* But Sir-- *Sy.* Hence-- ſtay, take thy delight.
Thinke of thy joyes, and make long thy pleaſures, (by ſteps,
O ſilence thou doſt ſwallow pleaſure right,
Wordes take avvay ſome ſenſe from our delight;
Muſique: be proud my *Venus*, *Mercury* thy tong,
Cupid thy flame, boue all O *Hercules*
Let not thy backe be wanting: for now I leape
To catch the fruite none but the Gods ſhould reap
Offering to leape into bed, he diſcouers Vangue.
Hah! can any woman turne to ſuch a Diuell?
Or: or: *Vangue*, *Vangue*-- *Van.* Yes, yes. *Sy.* ſpeake ſlaue,
How camſt thou here? *Van.* Here? *Sy.* *Zanthia*, *Zanthia*,
Wher's *Sophoniſba*? ſpeake at full, at ful,
Giue me particular faith, for know thou art not----
Za. Your pardon juſt mou'd prince & priuat eare
Sy. Ill actions have ſome grace, that they can feare
Va. How cam I laid? which way was I made drūk?
Where am I? think, or is my ſtate aduanc'd?
O *Ioue* how pleaſant is it but to ſleepe
In a kings bed! *Sy.* Sleepe there thy laſting ſleep
Improuident, baſe, o're-thirſty ſlaue. (*Sy. killes Va.*
Dy pleaſ'd a kings couch is thy too proud graue.
Through this vault ſayſt thou? *Za.* As you giue me grace
To liue, tis true. *Sy.* We will be good to *Zanthia*;
Go cheare thy Ladie, and be priuate to vs.
She deſcends after Sophoniſba.
Za. As to my life. *Sy.* I'le vſe this *Zanthia*,
And truſt her as our dogs drin't dangerous *Nile*,
only for thirſt, the *Flie* the *Crocodile*:
Wiſe *Sophoniſba* knowes loues trickes of art,
Without much hindrance, pleaſure hath no hart;

Diſpight all vertue or weake plots I muſt
Seauen waled *Babell* cannot beare out luſt
Deſcends through the vault.

Scena Secunda. Cornets ſound Marches. Enter *Scipio and Lelius with the complements of a Roman Generall before them, At the other dore, Maſſiniſſa and* Iugurth.

Ma. Let not the virtue of the world ſuſpect
Sad *Maſſiniſſas* faith: nor once cõdemne
Our juſt reuolt: *Carthage* firſt gaue me life,
Hir ground gaue food, hir aire firſt lent me breath
The Earth was made for men, not men for Earth.
Scipio I do not thanke the Gods for life,
Much leſſe vile men, or earth: know beſt of Lords,
It is a happy being breath well fam'd,
For which *Ioue* ſees theſe thus; Men be not foold
With piety to place: traditions feare,
A iuſt mans contry Ioue makes euery where.
Sci. Well vrgeth *Maſſiniſſa*, but to leaue
A Citie ſo ingrate, ſo faithleſſe, ſo more vile
Then ciuill ſpeach may name, fear not, ſuch vice
To ſcourge is heauens moſt gratefull ſacrifice.
Thus all confeſſe firſt they haue broke a faith
To the moſt due, ſo juſt to be obſeru'd
That barborouſnes it ſelfe may well bluſh at them
Where is thy paſſiõ? they haue ſhar'd thy crowne
Thy proper right of birth; contriu'd thy death.
Where is thy paſſion? giuen thy beauteous ſpouſe
To thy moſt hated riuall: ſtatue, not man,
And laſt thy freind *Geloſſo* (man worth Gods)
With tortures haue they rẽt to death. *Ma.* O *Gel.*
For thee full eyes *Sci.* No paſſion for the reſt.
Ma. O *Scipio* my greefe for him may be expreſſd
But for the reſt *ſilence* & ſecret anguiſh (by teares
Shall waſt: ſhall waſt: -- *Scipio* he that can weepe,
Greeues not like me priuate deepe inward drops
Of bloud: my heart--for Gods rights giue me leaue
To be a ſhort time *Man.* *Sci.* ſtay prince. *Ma.* I ceaſe;

Forgiue

Forgiue if I forget thy preſence: *Scipio*
Thy face makes *Maſsiniſſa* more then man,
And here before your ſteddy power a vow
As firme as fate I make: when I deſiſt
To be commaunded by thy virtue, (*Scipio*)
Or fall from frend of *Romes*, reuenging Gods
Aflict me worth your torture: I haue giuen
Of paſſion and of faith my heart. *Sci.* To counſel
Greefe fits weake hearts, reuenging virtue men. (then
Thus I thinke fit, before that *Syphax* know
How deepely *Carthage* ſinkes, lets beat ſwift march
Vp euen to *Cirta*, and whilſt *Syphax* ſnores
With his, late thine-- *Ma.* With mine? no *Scipio*,
Libea hath poyſon, aſpes, kniues, & to much earth
To make one graue, with mine? not, ſhe can dye,
Scipio, with mine? *Loue* ſay it thou doſt lie.
Sci. Temperance be *Scipios* honor. *Le.* Ceaſe your
She is a woman. *Ma.* But ſhe is my wife. (ſtrife
Le. And yet ſhe is no god. *Ma.* And yet ſhe's
I do not prayſe Gods goodnes but adore. (more
Gods cannot fall, and for their conſtant goodneſſe
(Which is neceſſited) they haue a crowne
Of neuer ending pleaſures: but faint man
(Framd to haue his weaknes made the heauens glo-
If he with ſteddy vertue holdes all ſeidge ry)
That power, that ſpeach, that pleaſure, that full
A world of greatnes can aſſaile him with, (ſweets
Hauing no pay but ſelfe wept miſerie,
And beggars treaſure heapt, that man Ile prayſe
Aboue the Gods. *Sc.* The *Libean* ſpeakes bold
Ma. By that by which all is, *Proportion*, (ſenſe
I ſpeake with thought. *Sci.* No more. *Ma.* Forgiue my
You toucht a ſtring to which my ſenſe was quick, admiration
Can you but thinke? doe, do; my greefe! my greefe
Would make a *Saint* blaſpheme: giue ſome releeſe,
As thou art *Scipio* forgiue that I forget,
I am a Soldier; ſuch woes *Loues* ribs would burſt,
Few ſpeake leſſe ill that feele ſo much of worſt.

My eare attends *Sci.* Beefore then *Syphax* ioine
With new ſtrength'd *Carthage*, or can once vnwind
His tangled ſenſe from out ſo wild amaze
Fall we like ſuddeine lightning fore his eyes;
Boldneſſe and ſpeed are all of victories.
Ma. *Scipio*, let *Maſsiniſſa* clip thy knees;
May once theſe eyes vew *Syphax*? ſhall this arme
Once make him feele his ſlaue? O yee Gods.
My cauſe, my cauſe! Iuſtice is ſo huge odds
That he who with it feares, Heauen muſt renounce
In his creatiō. *Sci.* Beat then a cloſe quicke march
Before the morne ſhall ſhake cold dewes through ſkyes,
Syphax ſhall tremble at *Romes* thicke allarmes.
Ma. Yee powres I challenge conqueſt to juſt armes.
With a full floriſh of Cornettes they depart.

Actus Tertii

FINIS.

Organs Violls and Voices
play for this Act.

Actus Quarti Scena Prima.

Enter Sophoniſba and Zanthia as out of a caues mouth

So. Where are wee *Zanthia*? Za. *Vangue* ſaid the caue
Op'ned in *Belos* forreſt. So. Lord how ſweete
I ſent the ayre? the huge longe vaultes cloſe vaine,
What dumps it breathd? In *Belos* forreſt ſayſt?
Be valiant *Zanthia*; how farr's *Vtica*
From theſe moſt heauy ſhades? Zan. Ten eaſy leagues.
So. Thers *Maſſiniſsa*, my true *Zanthia*
Shals venture nobly to eſcape, and touch
My Lordes juſt armes: Loues winges ſo nimbly heaue
The body vp, that as our toes ſhall trip
Ouer the tender and obedient graſſe,
Scarſe any drop of dew is daſht to ground.

And

And ſee the willing ſhade of friendly night
Makes ſafe our inſtant haſte: Boldneſſe and ſpeede
Make actions moſt impoſſible ſucceede.
Za. But Madam know the forreſt hath no way
But one to paſſe the which holds ſtricteſt gard.
So. Doe not betray me *Zanthia*. *Za.* I Madam. *So.* No
I not miſtruſt thee, yet, but, *Za.* Here you may
Delay your time. *So.* I *Zanthia* delay
By which we may yet hope, yet hope, Alas
How all be numd's my ſenſe *Chaunce* hath ſo often
I ſcarce cā feele: I ſhould now curſe the Gods {ſtruck
Call on the furies: ſtampe the patient earth
cleaue my ſtreachd cheeks with ſound ſpeake from
But *loud and full* of players eloquence (all ſenſe
No, no, What ſhall we eate. *Za.* Madam ile ſearch
For ſome ripe Nuts which *Autumn* hath ſhook down
From the vnleau'd Haſel, then ſome cooler ayre
Shall lead me to a ſpring: Or I will try
The courteous pale of ſome poore forreſtres,
For milke. *Exit Zanthia.* *So.* Do *Zanthia*, O happineſſe,
Of thoſe that know not pride or luſt of citty,
Ther's no man bleſſ'd but thoſe that moſt men pitty.
O fortunate poore maides, that are not forc'd,
To wed for ſtate nor are for ſtate diuorc'd!
Whome policy of kingdoms doth not marry,
But pure affection makes to loue or vary,
You feele no loue, which you dare not to ſhew,
Nor ſhow a loue which doth not truely grow:
O you are ſurely bleſſed of the skie,
You liue, that know not death before you die,
Through the vaults mouth in his night gowne, torch in his hand, Syphax enters iuſt behind Sophon.
You are: *Sy.* In *Syphax* armes, thing of falſe lip,
What God ſhall now releaſe thee, *So.* Art a man?
Sy. Thy limbs ſhall feele, deſpight thy vertue know
I'le thredd thy richeſt pearle: this forreſts deafe,
As is my luſt: *Night* and the God of *ſcilence*,
Swels my full pleaſures, no more ſhalt thou delude,

My eaſie credence, Virgin of faire brow,
Well featurde creature, and our vtmoſt wonder,
Queene of our youthfull bed be proud,
Syphax ſetteth away his light, & prepareth tin'brace Soph.
Ile vſe thee, *Sopho ſnatcheth out her knife.*
So. Look thee, view this, ſhow but one ſtrain of force
Bow but to ſeaſe this arme, and by my ſelfe,
Or more by *Maſſiniſſa* this good ſteele,
Shall ſet my ſoule on wing, thus formde Gods ſee,
And men with Gods worth enuy nought but me.
Sy. Doe ſtrike thy breaſt, know being dead, Ile vſe,
With higheſt luſt of ſenſe thy ſenſeleſſe fleſh,
And euen then thy vexed ſoule ſhall ſee,
Without reſiſtance, thy trunke proſtitute,
Vnto our appetite. *So.* I ſhame to make thee know,
How vile thou ſpeakeſt: *Corruption* then as much,
As thou ſhalt doe: but frame vnto thy luſts,
Imaginatious vtmoſt ſin: *Syphax*,
I ſpeake all frightles, know I liue or die
To *Maſſiniſſa*, nor the force of fate
Shall make me leaue his loue, or ſlake thy hate,
I will ſpeake no more,
Sy. Thou haſt amazde vs, Womans forced vſe,
Like vnripe fruites, no ſooner got but waſte,
They haue proportion, colour but no taſte,
Thinke *Syphax* --- *Sophoniſba* reſt thine owne,
Our Guard, *Enter a Guard.*
Creature of moſt aſtoniſhing vertue,
If with faire vſage, loue and paſſionate courtings,
We may obtaine, the heauen of thy bed,
We ceaſe, no ſute from other force be free.
VVe dote not on thy body, but loue thee,
So Wilt thou keep faith? *Sy.* By thee & by that power
By which thou art thus glorious, truſt my vow,
Our guard, conuay the roialſt excellence
That euer was cald *Woman*, to our Pallace,
Obſerue her with ſtrict care: *So.* Dread *Syphax* ſpeak
As thou art worthy: is not *Zanthia* falſe?

Sy.

Sy. To thee ſhee is .*So.* As thou art then thy ſelfe
Let hir not bee.*Sy.* Shee is not.

The gaurd ſeizeth Zanthia.

Za. Thus moſt ſpeed when two foes are growne friends
Partakers bleed.*Sy.* When Plants muſt floriſh
Their manure muſt rot.*So.Syphax* bee recompenced.
I hate thee not. *Sopho. Exit.*
Sy. A waſting flame feedes on my amorous bloud his lust
Which wee muſt coole or dye? what way all power, deuiſes
All ſpeech full Opportunity can make,
We haue made fruitles trial. Infernall *Ioue*,
You reſolute Angels that delight in flames,
To you all wonder working ſpirites I flie
Since heauen helpes not, deepeſt hell weele trie.
Here in this deſart the great ſoule of Charmes,
Dreadfull *Erictho* liues whoſe diſmall brow, Erichtho
Contemnes all roofes or ciuill couerture.
Forſaken graues and tombes the Ghoſts forcd out
Shee ioyes to inhabit.

Infernall Muſicke plaies ſofitly whilſt Erichtho enters and & when ſhe ſpeakes ceaseth.

A loathſome yellowe leanneſſe ſpreades hir face
A heauy hell-like palenes loades hir cheekes
Vnknowne to a cleare heauen: but if darke windes
Or thick black cloudes driue back the blinded ſtars
When her deepe magique makes forc'd heuen quake
And thunder ſpite of *Ioue*. *Erichtho* then
Frō naked graues ſtalkes out, heaues proud hir head
With lōg vnkēde haire loaden, and ſtriues to ſnatch
The *Nights quick ſulphar*: then ſhe burſts vp tombes
From half rot ſearcloaths then ſhe ſcrapes dry gums
For hir black rites: but when ſhe findes a corſe
New graud whoſe entrailes yet not turne
To ſly my filth with greedy hauock then
ſhe makes fierce ſpoile: & ſwels with wicked triumph
To bury hir leane knuckles in his eyes
Then doeth ſhe knaw the pale and or'egrowne nailes
From his dry hand: but if ſhe find ſome life
Yet lurking cloſe ſhe bites his gelled lips,

And

And ſticking her blacke tongue in his drie throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which inforce him beare
Her banefull ſecrets to the ſpirits of horror.
To her firſt ſound, the Gods yeeld any harme,
As trembling once to heare a ſecond charme,
She is: *Eri.* Here *Syphax* here, quake not, for know
I know thy thoughts, thou wouldſt entreat our power,
Nice *Sophoniſba's* paſſion to enforce
To thy affection, be, alfull of *Ioue*,
Tis done, tis done, to vs heauē earth, ſea, aire,
And Fate it ſelfe obayes, the heaſtes of death,
And all the terrors angry Gods inuented,
(T'afflict th'*ignorance* of *patient man*),
Tremble at vs: the roulde vp ſnake vncurlde,
His twiſted knots at our affrighting voice,
Are we incenſd? the King of flames grows pale,
Leaſt he be choakde with blacke and earthy fumes,
Which our charms raiſe: Be ioi'd, make proud thy luſt
I doe not pray you Gods, my breathes: *You muſt.*
Sy. Deepe knowing ſpirit, mother of all high
Miſterious ſcience, what may *Syphax* yeeld,
Worthy thy art, by which my ſoule's thus eaſde,
The Gods firſt made me liue, but thou liue pleaſde.
Eri. Know then our loue, hard by the reuerēt ruines
Of a once glorious temple rearde to *Ioue*,
Whoſe very rubbiſh (like the pittied fall,
Of Vertue much vnfortunate) yet beares,
A deathleſſe Maieſty though now quite rac'd,
Hurld downe by wrath, and luſt of impious Kings
So that where holy *Flamins* wont to ſing,
*S*weet Hyms to heauen, there the daw and crow,
The'ill voic'de Rauen, and ſtill chattering Pie:
*S*end out vngratefull ſound, and loathſome filth,
Where ſtatues and *Ioues* acts were viuely lim'd
Boyes with blacke coales, draw the vaild parts of nature,
And leacherous actions of imaginde luſt,
Where tombes and beauteous vrns of well dead men.
Stoode in aſſured reſt, the ſhepheard now,

Vnloades

Vnloads his belly: Corruption moſt abhord
Mingling it ſelfe with their renowned aſhees,
Our ſelfe quakes at it.
There once a *Charnel* houſe, now a vaſt caue,
Ouer whoſe brow a pale and vnt rod groue
Throwes out her heauy ſhade, the mouth thick armes
Of darkſom *Ewe*, (Sun proofe) for euer choake
Within reſts barren darkneſſe, fruitleſſe drough
Pines in eternal *Night*: The ſteame of *Hell*
Yeeldes not ſo laſie ayre: there that's my cell
From thence a charme which *Ioue* dare not here twice
Shall force her to thy bed: but *Syphax* know
Loue is the higheſt rebell to our art.
Therfore I charge thee by the feare of all
Which thou knoweſt dreadfull, or more, by our ſelfe;
As with ſwift haſt ſhe paſſeth to thy bed,
And eaſie to thy wiſhes yeelds: ſpeake not one word,
Nor dare as thou doſt feare thy loſſe of joyes
T'admit one light, one light, *Sy.* As to my Fate
I yeeld my guidance. *Eri.* Then when I ſhall force
The ayre to muſicke and the ſhads of night
To forme ſweete ſounds: make proud thy raiſ'd delight.
Meane time behold I go a charme to reare
Whoſe potent found will force our ſelfe to feare.
Sy. Whether is *Syphax* heau'd? at length ſhalls joy
Hopes more deſired then Heauen? Sweet laboring Earth
Let Heauen be vnform'd with mighty charmes,
Let *Sophoniſba* only fill theſe armes.
Ioue weele not enuie thee: Blouds appetite
Is *Syphax* God: My wiſedome is my ſenſe,
Without a man I hold no excellence.
Giue me long breath yong beds and ſickleſſe eaſe
For we hold firme thats lawfull which doeth pleaſe

Infernall Muſique ſoftly.

Harke, harke, now riſe jnfernall tones
The depe fetch'd grones

Of laboring ſpirits that attend
Erichtho.
Ers. Erichtho. *within.*

Sy. Now cracke the trembling earth and ſend
Shreekes that portend
Affrightment to the Gods which heare
Erichtho.
Eri. Erichtho *within*

A treble Viol and a baſe Lute play ſoftly within the Canopy.

Harke harke, now ſofter melody ſtrikes mute
Diſquiet nature: O thou power of ſound
How thou doſt melt me. Harke, now euen Heauen
Giues vp his ſoule amongſt vs: Now's the time
When gready expectation ſtrains mine eyes
For their lou'd obiect: now *Erichtho* will'd
Prepare my appetite for loues ſtrict gripes
O you dear founts of pleaſure Bloud and Beauty
Rayſe actiue venus worth fruition
Of ſuch prouoking ſweetneſſe. Harke: ſhee coms,

A ſhort ſong to ſoft Muſique aboue.

Now nuptiall Hymes inforced Spirits ſing
Harke, (*Syphax*) harke:

Cantant.

Now Hell and Heauen ringes
With Muſique ſpigh of *Phœbus*: Peace:

Enter Erichtho in the ſhape of Sophoniſba, her face vailed and haſteth in the bed of Syphax.

Shee coms:
Fury of blouds impatient: *Erichtho*
Boue thunder ſit; to thee egregious ſoule
Let all fleſh bend. *Sophoniſba* thy flame
But equall mine, and weele ioy ſuch delight

That

That Gods ſhall not admire, but euen ſpight.

Syphax haſteneth within the Canopy as to Sophoniſbas bed

Actus Quarti.

FINIS.

A Baſe Lute and a Treble Violl
play for the Act.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

Syphax drawes the curtaines and diſcouers Erichtho lying with him.

Eri. Ha, ha, ha, *Sy.* Light, light, *Eri.* Ha, ha,
Sy. Thou rotten ſcum of Hell---
O my abhorred heat! O loath'd deluſion!
They leape out of the bed Syphax takes him to his ſword
Eri. Why foole of kings, could thy weake ſoule imagin
That t'is within the graſpe of Heauen or Hell
To inforce loue? why know Loue doates the Fates
Ioue groanes beneath his waight: more ignorant thing,
Know we *Erichtho*, with a thirſty womb
Haue coueted full threeſcore Suns for bloud of kings,
We that can make inraged *Neptune* toſſe
His huge curld lockes without one breath of wind:
We that can make Heauen ſlide from *Atlas* ſhoulder:
We in the pride and haight of couetous luſt
Haue wiſht with womans gredines to fill
Our longing armes with *Syphax* well ſtrong limbs:
And doſt thou think if *Philters* or Hels charmes
Could haue inforc'd thy vſe, we would hau' dam'd
Braine ſleightes? no, no, Now are we full
Of our deare wiſhes: thy proud heat well waſted
Hath made our limbs grow young: our loue farwell,
Know he that would force loue, thus ſeekes his Hell.
Erichtho ſlips into the ground as Syphax offers his ſword to hir.
Sy. Can we yet breath? is any plagued like me?
Are we? lets thinke: O now contempt, my hate
To the, thy thunder, ſulphure and ſcorn'd name.

He whoſe lifes loath'd, and he who breathes to curſe
His very being; let him thus with me

Syphax kneeles at the Aultar

Fall fore an Aultar ſacred to black powers,
And thus dare Heauens: O thou whoſe blaſting flames
Hurle barren droughes vpon the patient earth,
And thou gay God of riddles and ſtrange tales
Hot-brained *Phebus*, all adde if you can
Something vnto my miſery; if ought
Of plagues lurk in your deepe trench'd browes
Which yet I know not: let them fall like boltes
Which wrathfull *Ioue* driues ſtrong into my boſom,
If any chance of war, or newes ill voyc'd,
Miſcheife vnthought of lurke, come gift vs all,
Heape curſe on curſe, we can no lower fall.

Out of the Aultar the ghoſt of Aſdruball ariſeth.

Aſd. Lower, lower. *Sy.* What damn'd ayre is form'd
Into that ſhape? ſpeake, ſpeake, we cannot quake,
Our fleſh knowes not ignoble tremblinges, ſpeake,
We dare thy terror: me thinkes Hell and fate
Should dread a ſoule with woes made deſperate.
Aſ. Know me the ſpirit of great *Aſdruball*
Father to *Sophoniſba*, whoſe bad heart
Made juſtly moſt vnfortunate: for know
I turn'd vnfaithfull, after which the feeld
Chanc'd to our loſſe, when of thy men there fell
6000 ſoules next fight of *Lybeans* ten.
After which loſſe we vnto *Carthage* flying,
Th'inraged people cride their army fell
Through my baſe treaſon: ſtraight my reuengefull fury
Makes them perſue me, I with reſolute haſt
Mad to the graue of all our Auncestors
Where poyſon'd, hop'd my bones ſhould haue long reſt,
But ſee the violent multitude arriues
Teare downe our monument, and mee now dead
Deny a graue: hurle vs among the rockes
To ſtanch beaſts hunger; therefore thus vngrau'd
I ſeeke ſlow reſt: now doeſt thou know more woes

And

And more muſt feele: Mortals O feare to ſleight
Your Gods and vowes: *Ioues* arme is of dread might.
Sy. Yet ſpeake ſhall I orecome approaching foes.
As. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes. *Exit*

Enter Nuntius.

Nun. My liedge, my liedge, the ſcouts of *Cirta* bring intelligēce
Of ſuddaine danger, full ten thouſand horſe
Freſh and well rid ſtrong *Maſſiniſſa* leades
As wings to Roman legions that march ſwift
Led by that man of conqueſt, *Scipio*, *Sy. Scipio*
Nu. Direct to Cirta.

A march far off is heard.

Harke their march is heard euen to the cittye.
Sy. Helpe, our guard, my armes, bid all our leaders march,
Beate thicke allarms, I haue ſeene things which thou
Wouldſt quake to heare,
Boldnes and ſtrength the ſhame of ſlaues bee feare.
Vp heart, hold ſword: though waues roule thee on ſhelfe,
Though fortune leaue thee leaue not thou thy ſelfe.
Exit arming

Scena Secunda.

Enter 2. Pages with targets & Iauelins Lelius & Iugurth with halberds Scipio & Maſſinſſa armed Cornets ſounding a march.

Sc. Stand. *Ma.* Giue the word ſtand. *Sc.* Part the fyle. *Ma.* giue
Scipio by thy great name, but greater vertue, (way
By our eternall loue giue me the chance
Of this dayes battle: Let not thy enuied fame
Vouchſafe t'appoſe the Roman legious
Againſt one weakened Prince of Lybea
This quarrels mine: mine bee the ſtroke of fight
Let vs and *Syphax* hurle our well forcd dartes
Each vnto others breaſt, O (what ſhould I ſay)
Thou beyonde epithete thou whom proude Lords of fortune
May euen enuye: (alas my ioyes ſo vaſte

Makes me ſeeme loſt let vs thunder and lightning
Strike from our braue armes, looke, looke, ſeaſe that hill.
Harke he comes neare: From thence diſcerne vs ſtrike
Fyer worth *Ioue*, mount vp, and not repute
Mee very proud tho wondrous reſolute.
My cauſe: my cauſe, is my bold hartning ods,
That ſeeuen fold ſhield, juſt armes ſhould fright the Gods
Sci. Thy words are full of honour take thy fate,
Mas. Which wee do ſcorne to feare, to *Scipio* ſtate
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced braſſe
Sound on.

Cornets ſound a march *Scipio* leades his traine vp to the mount.

Iugurth elaſpe ſure our caſke
Arme vs with care, and *Iugurth* if I fall
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers ſinnes
If it in thy ſword lye, breake vp my breaſt
And ſaue my heart that neuer fell nor's adue
To ought but *Ioue* and *Sophoniſba*. Sound
Sterne hartners vnto wounds and blood, ſound loude
For wee haue named *Sophoniſba*,

Cornets a floriſh

So. *Cornets a march far of.*

Harke harke, hee comes, ſtand bloud, now multiply
Force more then fury, ſound high, ſound high, wee ſtrike
For *Sophoniſba*.

Enter Syphax arm'd his pages with ſhields & darts before *Cornets* ſounding marches.

Sy. For *Sophoniſba*.
Ma. Syphax. Sy. Maſſiniſſa. Ma. Be twixt vs too
Let ſingle fight try all. *Sy.* Well vrgd, *Ma.* Well graunted
Of you my ſtars as I am worthy you
I implore aide, and O if angels waite
Vpon good harts my *Genius* bee as ſtrong
As I am iuſt. *Sy.* Kinges glory is their wrong.
Hee that may onely do iuſt act's a ſlaue

My

My Gods my arme, my life, my heauen, my graue
To mee all end. *Ma.* Giue day, Gods, life and death
To him that onely feares blaſpheming breath
For *Sophoniſba*. *Sy.* For *Sophoniſba*.

Cornets ſound a charge *Maſſiniſſa* & *Syphax* combate, *Syphax* falles *Maſſiniſſa* vnclaſps *Syphax* caske & as reddy to kil him ſpeakes *Syphax*.

Sy. Vnto thy fortune not to theewee yeeld
Ma. Liues *Sophoniſba* yet vnſtaind, ſpeake iuſt
Yet ours vnforced: *Sy* Let my heart fall more low
Then is my body, if onely to thy glory
She liues not yet all thine. *Ma.* Riſe, riſe, ceaſe ſtrife.
Heare a moſt deepe reuenge, from vs take life.

Cornets ſounded a *march* *Scipio* & *Lelius* *Enter*, *Scipio* paſſeth to his thron *Maſſiniſſa* preſets *Syphax* to *Scipios* feet *Cornets ſounding* a florish.

To you all power of ſtrength: and next to thee
Thou ſpirit of triumph borne for victory.
I heaue theſe handes: March wee to *Carta* ſtraight,
My *Sophoniſba* with ſwift haſt to winne
In honor & in loue all meane is ſinne. *Ex. Ma.* & *Lu.*
Sc. As we are Romes great Generall thus wee preſſe
Thy Captiue neck, but as ſtill *Scipio*
And ſenſible of iuſt humanitie
We weepe thy bondage: ſpeake thou ill chanc'd man
What ſpirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend
(Thy right hand giuen both to Gods and vs
With ſuch moſt paſſionate vowes and ſolemne faith)
Thou fledſt with ſuch moſt foule diſloyalty
To now weak Carthage ſtrēgthning their bad arms

who

Who lately ſcornd thee with all lothd abuſe
Who neuer intertaine ſor loue but vſe
Sy. *Scipio* my fortund is captiud not I
Therefore Ile ſpeake bold truth :nor once miſtruſt
What I ſhall ſay, for now beeing wholy yours
I muſt not faine, *Sophoniſba* t'was ſhee
T'was *Sophoniſba* that ſolicited
My forc'd reuolt, t'was hir reſiſtles ſute
Hir loue to hir deare Carthage tic'd mee breake
All fait h with men: t'was ſhee made *Syphax* falſe
Shee that lou's Carthage with ſuch violence
And hath ſuch moуing graces to allure
That ſhee will turne a man that one hath ſworne
Himſelfe on's fathers bones hir Carthage foe
To bee that citties Champion and high friend
Hir Himeneall torch burnt downe my houſe
Then was I captiud when hir wanton armes
Threw mouing claſpt about my neck, O charmes
Able to turne euen fate: but this in my true griefe
Is ſome iuſt ioy, that my loue ſotted foe
Shall ſeaſe that plague, that *Maſſiniſſas* breaſt
Hir handes ſhall arme, and that ere long youle try
Shee can force him your foe as well as I,
Sci. Lelius, Lelius, take a choice troupe of horſe
And ſpur to Cirta. To *Maſſiniſſa* thus
Syphax pallace, crowne, ſpoile citties ſack
Be free to him but if our new laughd friend
Poſſeſſe that woman of ſo moуing art
Charge him with no leſſe waight then his deare vow
Our loue, all faith, that hee reſigne her thee
As hee ſhall aunſwere Rome will him giue vp
A Roman priſoner to the Senates doome
Shee is a Carthaginian, now our lawes
VViſe men preuent not actions, but euer cauſe
Sy. Good malice, ſo, as liberty ſo deere
Proue my reuenge: what I cannot poſſeſſe
Another ſhall not: thats ſome happines.

Exeunt the Cornets flouriſhing.

Scena

Scena tertia, The Cornets afar off ſounding a charge, A Souldier wounded at one dore, Enters at the other Sophoniſba, two Pages before her with lightes, two women bearing vppe her traine.

Sol. Princes O flie, *Syphax* hath loſt the day,
And captiu'de lies, the Roman Legeons
Haue ſeiſde the towne, and with inueterate hate,
Make ſlaues or murder all: Fier and ſteele,
Fury and night hold all: faire Queene O flie,
We bleede for Carthage, all of Carthage die. *Exit.*

The Cornets ſounding a March, Enter Pages with iauelings and Targets, Maſſiniſſa and Iugurth, Maſſiniſſas beauer ſhut.

Ma. March to the Pallace. *So.* What ere man thou art
Of Libea, thy faire armes ſpeake: giue hart,
To amazde weakenes, heare her, that for long time,
Hath ſeene no wiſhed light. *Sophoniſba,*
A name for miſery much knowne, tis ſhe,
Intreates of thy gracd ſword, this onely boone,
Let me not kneele to Rome, for though no cauſe,
Of mine deſerues their hate, though *Maſſiniſſa,*
Be ours to hart, yet Roman Generals
Make proud their triumphs, with what euer captiues
O tis a Nation which from ſoule I feare,
As one well knowing the much grounded hate,
They beare to *Aſdrubal* and Carthage bloud,
Therefore with teares that waſh thy feet, with hands
Vnuſde to beg I claſpe thy manlie knees,
O ſaue me from their fetters and contempt,
Their proud inſultes, and more then inſolence,
Or if it reſt not in thy grace of breath,
To grant ſuch freedome, giue me long wiſhd death,
For tis not much loathde life, that now we craue,
Onely an vnſhamd death, and ſilent graue

We will now daine to bend for. *Ma.* Rarity
Maſ. diſarmes his head.
By thee and this right hand thou ſhalt liue free.
So. We cannot now be wretched. *Ma.* Stay the ſword.
Let ſlaughter ceaſe, Soundes ſoft as *Ledas* breaſt, *Soft Muſique.*
Slide through all eares, this night be loues high feaſt,
So. O're whelme me not with ſweetes, let me not drinke,
Till my breaſt burſt, O *Ione* thy Nectar, thinke
She ſinkes into Maſſi. armes.
Ma. She is orecome with ioy. *So.* Helpe, helpe to beare
Some happineſſe yee powers, I haue ioy to ſpare,
Inough to make a God, O *Maſsiniſſa*. *Ma.* Peace,
A ſilent thinking makes full ioyes increaſe.

Enter Lelius.

Le. Maſsiniſſa. Ma. Lelius. Le. Thine eare. *Ma.* Stand off
Le. From *Scipio* thus: by thy late vow of faith,
And mutuall league of endles amity,
As thou reſpects his vertue or Romes force,
Deliuer *Sophoniſba* to our hand,
Ma. Sophoniſba? Le. Sophoniſba. So. My Lord,
Lookes pale, and from his halfe burſt eyes a flame,
Of deepe diſquiet breakes, the Gods turne falſe,
My ſad preſage. *Ma. Sophoniſba? Le.* Euen ſhe,
Ma. Shee kilde not *Scipios* father nor his vnkle,
Great *Cneius*. Le. Carthage did. *Ma.* to her whats Carthage?
Le. Know twas her father *Aſdrubal* ſtrooke off
His fathers head, giue place to faith and fate,
Ma. Tis croſſe to honor. *Le.* But tis iuſt to ſtate,
So ſpeaketh *Scipio*, doe not thou detaine,
A Roman priſoner, due to this great triumph,
As thou ſhalt anſwere Rome and him. *Ma. Lelius*,
We now are in Romes power, *Lelius*,
View *Maſſiniſſa* do, a loathed act,
Moſt ſinking from that ſtate his hart did keepe,
Looke *Lelius* looke, ſee *Maſsiniſſa* weepe,
Know I haue made a vow more deere to me,

Then

Then my ſoules endles being: ſhe ſhall reſt,
Free from Romes bondage. *Le.* But doſt thou forget,
Thy vow yet freſh thus breathd: When I deſiſt:
To be commaunded by thy vertue: *Scipio*,
Or fall from friend of Rome, Reuenging Gods,
Afflict me with your torture. *Ma.* *Lelius* enough:
Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act
What ſhall amaze him. *Le.* Wilt thou yeeld her then?
Ma. Shee ſhall ariue there ſtraight. *Le.* Beſt fate of men,
To thee. *Ma.* and *Scipio*: Haue I liude O Heauens,
To be inforcedly perfidious?
So. What vniuſt griefe afflicts my worthy Lord,
Ma Thanke me yee Gods, with much beholdingnes,
For marke, I doe not curſe you: *So.* Tell mee ſweet
The cauſe of thy much anguiſh. *Ma.* Ha, the cauſe?
Lett's ſee, wreath backe thine armes, bend down thy necke,
Practiſe baſe Praiers, make fit thy ſelfe for bondage,
So. Bondage. *Ma.* Bondage, Roman bondage. *So.* No, No.
Ma. How then haue I vowde well to *Scipio*?
So. How then to *Sophoniſba*? *Ma.* Right which way
Runne mad impoſſible diſtraction,
So. Deere Lord thy patience; let it maze all power,
And liſt to her in whoſe ſole heart it reſts,
To keepe thy faith vpright. *Ma.* Wilt thou be ſlau'd,
So. No free. *Ma.* How then keepe I my faith? *So.* My death.
Giu's helpe to all: From Rome ſo reſt we free,
So brought to *Scipio*, faith is kept in thee.

Enter a Page with a bole of wine.

Ma. Thou darſt not die, ſome wine, thou darſt not die.
So. How neere was I vnto the curſe of man, Ioye,
How like was I yet once to haue beene glad:
He that neere laught may with a conſtant face,
Contemne *Ioues* frowne. Happineſſe makes vs baſe.

She takes a bole into which Maſ. puts poiſon.

Behold me *Maſſiniſa*, like thy ſelfe,
A king and ſouldier, and I pree thee keepe,

My laſt command, *Ma.* Speake ſweet. *So.* Deere doe not weepe
And now with vndiſmaid reſolue behold,
To ſaue *You, you,* (for honor and iuſt faith,
Are moſt true Gods, which we ſhould much adore)
With euen diſdainefull vigour I giue vp,
An abhord life. *She drinks.* You haue beene good to me,
And I doe thanke thee heauen, O my ſtars,
I bleſſe your goodnes, that with breaſt vnſtaind,
Faith pure: a Virgin wife, try'de to my glory,
I die of female faith, the long liu'de ſtory,
Secure from bondage, and all ſeruile harmes,
But more moſt happy in my husbands armes. *She ſinks.*
Iug. Maſſiniſſa, Maſſiniſſa, *Ma.* Couetous
Fame greedy Lady, could no ſcope of glory,
No reaſonable proportion of goodnes
Fill thy great breaſt, but thou muſt proue immenſe
Incomprehence in vertue, what wouldſt thou,
Not onely be admirde, but euen adorde?
O glory ripe for heauen: Sirs helpe, helpe, helpe,
Let vs to *Scipio* with what ſpeed you can.
For piety make haſte, whilſt yet we are man.

Exeunt bearing Soph. *in a chaire,*

Cornets, A March, Enter Scipio in full ſtate triumphal ornamentes carried before him and Sy. *bound at the other dore Lelius.*

Sc. What anſwers Maſſiniſſa will he ſend,
That *Sophoniſba* of ſo mouing tongs
Le. Full of diſmaid vnſteddines he ſtood,
His right hand lookt in hers, which hand he gaue
As pledge from Rome, ſhe euer ſhould liue free
But when I entred, and well vrg'd this vow
And thy command his great hart ſunke with ſhame:
His eyes loſt ſpirite, and his heat of life,
Sanke from his face, as one that ſtood benumbde,
All mazde, t'effect, impoſſibilities,
For eyther vnto her or *Scipio*,

He

He muſt breake vow, long time he toſſd his thoughts
And as you ſee a ſnow ball being rolde
At firſt a handfull, yet long bould about,
Infenſibly acquires a mighty globe,
So his cold griefe through agitation growes,
And more he thinkes, the more of griefe he knowes
At laſt hee ſeemde to yeeld her. *Sy.* Marke *Scipio*,
Truſt him that breaks a vow? *Sci.* How thē truſt thee?
Sy O miſdoubt him not, when hee's thy ſlaue like me

Enter Maſſiniſſa *all in black*,

Maſ. Scipio, *Sc.* Maſſiniſſa, Ma. Generall. *Sc.* King.
Maſ. Liu's there no mercy for one ſoule of Carthage
But muſt ſee baſenes? *Sc.* Wouldſt thou ioy thy peace,
Deliuer *Sophoniſba* ſtraight and ceaſe,
Do nor graſpe that which is too hote to hold,
We grace thy griefe, and hold it with ſoft ſenſe.
Inioy good courage, but voide inſolence.
I tell thee Rome and *Scipio* daine to beare,
So low a breaſt as for her ſay, we feare.
Ma. Do not, doe not let not the fright of Nations
Know ſo vile termes. Shee reſts at thy diſpoſe
Sy. To my ſoule ioy, ſhall *Sophoniſba* then
With me go bound and waite on *Scipios* wheele?
VVhen th'whole worlds giddy one man cānot reele,
Ma. Starue thy leane hopes, and Romans now behold
A ſight would ſad the Gods: make Phæbus cold.

Organe and Recorders *play to a ſingle voice*: *Enter in the mean time the mournful ſolemnity of Maſſiniſſas preſenting* Sophon. *body*:

Looke *Scipio*, ſee what hard ſhift we make
To keepe our vowes; here, take I yeeld her thee,
And *Sophoniſba* I keepe vow thou art ſtill free.
Sy. Burſt my vext heart, the torture that moſt rackes
An enimie, is his foes royall actes.
Sc. The glory of thy vertue liue for euer,
Braue heartes may be obſcur'd, but extinct neuer.

Scipio adornes Maſiniſſa.

Take from the Generall of *Rome* this crowne,
This roabe of triumph, and this conqueſts wreath

This ſcepter, and this hand for euer breath,
Romes very minion: Line worth thy fame
As far from faintings as from now baſe name.
Ma. Thou whom like ſparkling ſteele the ſtrokes of Chance
Made hard and firme; and like wild fier turnd
The more cold fate, more bright thy vertue burnd,
And in whole ſeas of miſeries didſt flame.
On thee lou'd creature of a deathleſſe fame
Maſſiniſa adornes Sophoniſba.
Reſt all my honour: O thou for whom I drinke
So deepe of greefe, that he muſt onely thinke,
Not dare to ſpeake) that would expreſſe my woe,
Small riuers murmur, deepe gu'fes ſilent flow,
My griefe is here, not here, heaue gently then,
Womens right wonder, and iuſt ſhame of men.
Cornets a ſhort florish. Exeuntque, manet Ma.

EPILOGVS.

And now with lighter paſſion, though with meſt iuſt feare
I change my perſon, and do hether beare
Anothers voyce, who with a phraſe as weak
As his deſerts now will'd me, (thus form'd) ſpeake,
If wordes well ſenc'd, beſt ſuting ſubiect graue,
Noble true ſtory may once boldly craue,
Acceptance gratious, if he whoſe fiers,
Enuy not others nor him ſelfe admires,
If ſceans exempt from ribaldrie or rage,
Of taxinges indiſcreet, may pleaſe the ſtage,
If ſuch may hope applauſe, he not commandes
Yet craues as due, the iuſtice of your hands
But freely he proteſts how ere it is,
Or well or ill, or much, not much amiſſe,
With conſtant modeſty he doth ſubmit,
To all, ſaue thoſe, that haue more tongue then wit.

After all, let me intreat my Reader not to taxe me, for the faſhion of the Entrances and Muſique of this Tragidy, for know it is printed onely as it was preſented by youths, & after the faſhion of the priuate ſtage. Nor let ſome eaſily amended errors in the Printing afflict thee ſince thy owne diſcourſe will eaſily ſet vpright any ſuch vneuennes.

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